

Bobby's Three-Inch Smile.

Sister measured my grin one day; Took the ruler and me. Counted the inches all the way-One and two and three. "Oh you're a Cheshire cat," said she. Father said, "That's no sin." Then he nodded and smiled at me-Smiled at my three-inch grin. Brother suggested I ought to begin

Trying to trim it down. Mother said, "Better a three-inch grin Than a little half-inch frown.'

Saved His Life by a Jest. Amelia Wofford tells of "The Court

-Boston Traveler.

Jesters of England" in St. Nicholas. The author says of one of them:

Archee Armstrong was the beloved jester of King James VI of Scotland, afterwards James I of England, and this is the traditional story of their introduction:

"One day a shepherd with the carcass of a sheep upon his shoulders was tracked to his cottage on the moorlands by the officers of justice. In the cottage they found a vacantfaced lad, rocking a cradle with more attention than a boy is accustomed to give that duty; this, however, did not arouse their suspicions. They searched the cottage thoroughly, but failed to discover the sheep. They were about to depart, when one of their number accidentally looked into the cradle, and-the stolen sheep lay there! The lad, who was supposed to be the thief, was brought before King James VI of Scotland. "He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die. He began to plead with the king. He was a poor, ignorant fellow, he said; he had heard of the Bible and would like to read it through before he died. Would the king respite him until he did so. The king readily gave his consent, whereupon the cul-prit immediately said: 'Then hang me if I ever read a word o't, as lang

The witty reply captured the king. He pardoned the prisoner, and took him into his service as jester. In this capacity Archee was soon a prime favorite.

as my een are open.'

Carberry's Christmas.

Last Christmas there was a great surprise in the little town of Carberry. For years and years-ever since the boys and girls could remember-there had been a public celebration in the town hall, with a huge Christmas tree lighted from top to bottom with candles and bright with all sorts of presents for the boys and girls of the village. Usually old Captain Conklin in his big buffalo overcoat, which was buckled tight with a string of sleigh bells, acted as Santa Claus and kept everyone laughing and expectant as he passed out the gifts, reading off the names one by one in a big, hearty voice.

But last year it was all different, so different, indeed, that Carberry is going to try the same kind of celebration again this winter. And it was quite unique enough to furnish ideas for any of our inventive boys and girls who wish to get up something new and striking for this year's Christmas

entertainment. You see old Captain Conklin was taken sick early in the winter and had to go south, and a Christmas tree without Santa Claus would have been no celebration at all. So the principal of the Carberry school and some of the older pupils got together and discussed the situation. As a result they were appointed a committee on arrangements for the celebration, it being understood that they were to have the entire work of decorating the

hall and of arranging the presents. From that time on a dense cloud of secrecy hung over the school. The teacher and his little band of helpers -which included about a dozen of the older boys and girls-held a meeting early every night at which the details of the great plan were discussed. By day they all went around with wise glances at one another and frequent mysterious conversations, until the younger folk of the town were all but | and then the cars were filled up with wild with curiosity. It was also the topic of conversation among the older folk, for they were not allowed to know anything about it either. Mysterious bundles of all sizes and shapes were carried into the hall, the windows of which had previously been closely curtained, so that no prying eyes could peep inside and discover the secret. Two weeks before Christmas six of the prettiest little girls in school, all of about the same size, were chosen for some mysterious purpose, and they were at once enveloped for a home gathering or for a public in the general cloak of secrecy.

Christmas eve arrived bright and crisp and cold. At 7 o'clock the doors of the town hall were opened and a crowd of boys and girls, who had been waiting outside for an hour or more, surged in and filled the front seats. But as yet there was little to be seen for a big curtain covered the entire front of the hall, shutting out all view of the stage. The members of the committee bustled about mysteriously, ran in with covered bundles, and out again, shadows flitted across the curtain, and there were occasional smothered bursts of laughter, at which all of the younger children would stand on their tip-toes and fairly shriek with anticipation. But there was one sound that was wholly unexplainable and which set every one to guessing and wondering. It was a slight squeaking noise which no one had ever heard before in connection with a Christmas celebration.

Before 8 o'clock every seat in the house was filled and a large number of men and boys were standing around the stove and lined up close to the wall. There was only a moment's delay, and then from somewhere behind the curtain came the voices of the six little girls singing a Christmas carol. Just as they reached the last verse the curtain began to rise slowly and their voices were drowned out in a wild burst of applause. Indeed, the audience was on its feet with craning necks and eager eyes trying to take in every detail of the brilliant display.

"A wheel, a wheel!" cried little Susie Jenkins, her shrill voice sounding above the roar of applause.

And a wheel it was—a Ferris wheel which any one would have recognized in an instant. It occupied the very centre of the big stage, and it was slowly turning round and round. The cars were loaded full of gifts with dolls for conductors. There was candy and crockery, toys jack-knives, skates, new red mittens, caps, books, and almost everything else you could think of. Every car was blazing with light from several wax candles, and the rim of the wheel, the supports and the spokes were festooned with strings of popcorn and twined with ribbons and evergreen. Besides that the stage was beautifully decorated.

But another surprise was in store. Up from behind the wheel stepped Jack Frost, Santa Claus' son, dressed in natty knee breeches and coat, and wearing a powdered wig of the style of the last century. Every one recognized him at once as Captain Conklin's nephew, who was one of the brightest boys in the Carberry school. It was some time before he could speak owing to the cheering, and then he told the audience that this new Ferris wheel was invented in Santa Claus' workshop, and that Santa Claus had placed the gifts in the cars. After that there were a number of songs and recitations, during all of which the wonderful wheel turned round and round, and he doll conductors leaned out of the windows to see that the machinery was in good working order. Of course the exercises were very interesting, but I am sorry to say that they were frequently interrupted by "ohs" and "ahs," and many other whispered exclamations from the front rows.

At last Jack Frost grose and ordered the wheel to stop. The six little girls bounded forward and the distribution of the presents began, and continued until the great wheel was empty, and

every one in the hall was happy.

Do you wonder that the folks of Carberry are going to have the same kind of a celebration this year?

The Ferris wheel was easily made by three of the boys of Carberry. They took two old carriage wheels and cut away parts of the spokes, and fastened them together on acentral axis running through the hubs. The cars were made of large pasteboard shoe boxes obtained from one of the stores. These boxes were about thirty inches long by ten inches high by fourteen inches wide. Doors and windows were cut in them, and they were suspended to the wheels so that they would turn easily en their pivota. The wheels were then supported by a light framework of wood and provided with a crank at the back side. This completed the framework. It was fun for the committee to meet night after night and decorate the wheel with colored paper pasted on the boxes, and with evergreens and popcorn strings. Candles were fitted everywhere there was room for them, presents, care being taken to load them so that they would swing easily and without tipping. During the celebration a boy turned the crank that kept the wheel going.

The whole wheel only cost a few dollars, and any of our boys who are clever with a hammer and saw could make one like it. For a Christmas surprise it cannot be excelled, especially if the people who are to attend the colebration expect an old-fashioned Christmas tree. It may be used either celebration.

Gained Forty-Eight Pounds. "I had a strong appetite for liquor, which

was the beginning of the breaking down of my health. I was also a slave to tea and coffee drinking. I took the gold cure, but it did not help me."

This is a portion of an interview elipped from the Daily Herald, of Clinton, Iowa. It might well be taken for the subject of a temperance lecture, but that is not our object in publishing it. It is to show how a system, run down by drink and disease, may be restored. We cannot do better than

quote further from the same "For years I was ? unable to do my work. I could not aleep nights or rest days on account of continuous pains in my stomach and back. I was unable to digest my food. painful urination were frequent, and my heart's action ecame increased. I left my farm and retired to city life, for I was a con-firmed invalid, and the doctors said l would never be well again. "Soon after I happened to use four boxes of Dr. Will-

lams' Pink Pills for I BRTIBBD TO CITY LIFE. Pale People, and since then I have been free from all pain, headache and dyspepsia. I est heartily and have no appetite for strong drink or tea or coffee, and feel

twenty years younger.
"My weight has increased 48 pounds. I cannot say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claim that they have cured me.
"JOHN B. COOK."
Subscribed and sworn to before me this

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixteenth day of February, 1897.

A. P. Barker, Notary Public.

To people run down in health, from whatever cause—drink or disease—the above interview will be of interest, The truth of it is undoubted, as the statement is sworn to, and we reproduce the oath here. For any further facts concerning this medicine write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Schenectady, N. Y.

The name and address of the subject of above interview is John B. Cook, of 208 South 5th Street, Lyon, Iowa.

He Now Regrets

J. H. Swift, of Paducah, Ky., told a good story on himself in the lobby of the Midland recently.

"Fifteen years ago, when I was but a seemingly incorrigible youth," said he, "I chanced, while out hunting one day, to trespass upon the farm of one of our neighbors, whose acerbity of temper was known the country over, with the result that a severe chastising was given me. At that time my anger knew no bounds; still, discretion was not entirely overthrown, and a plan for revenge at last occurred to me. So one dark night, when all the elements seemed at war, with pockets well filled with Johnson grass seed, I sallied forth and here and there scattered them

about his magnificent field. "In a few years the scattered seeds had covered the field, with the result that it had to be abandoned for agricultural purposes, and eventually one of the finest farms in the old Blue Grass State was overrun with this pest. The years went rapidly by, and soon both my father and the old farmer were gathered to their reward, each leaving a single child. It was only last year that 'my chickens came home to roost,' so to speak, for I then led to the hymeneal altar the sole surviving heir to that Johnson grass field, in the person of the lovely daughter of my enemy of boyhood days.

"To-day," said he, sadly, "about all we have in the world in the way of realty is that magnificent waste of rapidly growing grass. Every time I look at that old farm I am forcibly reminded of the short-sightedness of human flesh in general and the fact that after all, a strict observance of the golden rule is by long odds the best policy. To-day I am spending every dollar I can possibly rake and scrape together in a seemingly vain endeavor to render serviceable my wife's inher-Itance."

A Dove's Refuge.

During the last trip of the Kennebec to Boston a dove flew aboard just off Cape Elizabeth. It soon became frightened and flew off, only to be met by a flock of sea gulls which drove the trembling bird back to the steamship. This was repeated at intervals until evening, when the dove decided that a prison was preferable to a continual fight for existence. So the tired bird crawled under a lifeboat-an appropriate berth- and tucked its head under its wing and quietly waited until the Kennebec reached Boston. Then it watched its chances and escaped.

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With local applications, as they cannot reach
the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or
constitutional disease, and in order to cure
it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was
prescribed by one of the best physicians in
this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics
known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

flers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces.
The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials,

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Now, John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaChosse. Wis., will mail you free all of above 10 splendid novelties and their great plant and seed catalogue, upon receipt of this notice and 14 cents postage.

Origin of "Deadheads."

Very few of our readers are probably aware of the origin of the word "deadhead," which is so frequently used in connection with theatrical representations. It is stated to be as follows: Many years ago, at the time of turnpikes, the principal avenue of a town passed close to the entrance of a road leading to the cemetery. As this cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the road it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter free of toil. One day, as a well-known physician, who was driving along this road, stopped to pay his toll, he observed to the keeper, "Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let s pass free of charge." "No, no, doctor," said the gate-keeper, "we can't afford that, you send too many deadheads through as it is." The story traveled around the country, and the word "deadhead" was eventually applied to those who obtained free admission to the theatre.

REFINED-"You think you are a pretty smooth article," said the salt.
"I have been told," replied the lard, "that I am quite refined."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

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No use to fret and worry and itch and scratch. That won't cure you. Tetterine will, Any sort of skin disease, Tetter, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm or mere abrasion of the skin. At drug stores, or by mail for 50c. in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The iron grip of poverty is apt to make a man's clothes look rusty.

Chew Star Tobacco-The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Love levels all things-with the possible exception of the head.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

the dread of the cotton grower, can be prevented. Trials at Experiment Stations and the experience of leading growers prove positively that

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BISHOPS DON'T LIE.

A Logacy from Two Bishops.
Two of the brightest lights the Southern Methodisc Church has ever had were the late Bishops Doggets and Kavanaugh, who, before they went to their reward, left Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine a legacy which has not only been of value to us, bus has proven a boon to suffering humanity.

Below we give their own words in which they made the bequest:

Below we give their own
the bequest:
From Bishop Doggett:
HICHMOND, VA., July 23rd, 1830.
"Your Liver Medicine has been of great service to
myself and family. We find no substitute for it.
The parcel which you generously sent us a few years'
ago is nearly exhausted. We can't do without it.
I wish you to send us another supply. IT IS INVALUABLE." Very respectfully.
D. B. Doggett.

I wish you to send us another supply. IT IS INVALUABLE." Very respectfully.

B. Dodgett.

From Bishop Kavanaugh:

The following is from Rov. Bishop H. H. Kavanau, b. D. to Dr. M. A. Simpuons, March, Isilf.

"I confess that I have been rejuptant to figure in advertisements in regard to medicines, but feel myself so much a debtor to your "VEGETABLE LIVER-MEDICINE," that I feel it a sense of gratitude on my own part, and finsites to the public requires that I should waive this objection, and allow you to publish whatever I may have written in regard to the character and value of your medicines. May many a sufferer be as much benefited by them as I have been." H. H. KAVANAUGH.

Prembyteriams Believe Isi It.

Rev. Dr. Crisman cured of Dyspeptic and Rheumalism.

E. B. Crisman, D.D., Pastor,

Nashville, Teen., Oct. 14, 1869.

I am still using Simmons Liver Medicine. It is invaluable to me, I began its use eight years age and it cured me of both dyspepsia and rhoumatism and keeps me in perfect health. I prefer to order it from you direct for I know then that I get the genuine and get it fresh. I am to start on the 21d inst. to a meeting of the Synod of Tennessee at Cleveland. If I can serve you in any way on the trip I will be gled to do so.

Respectfully,

An Eminent Baptist Has Spoken.

Rev. J. R. Graves, editor and proprietor of "The Baptist." Memphis, Tenn., says: "To M. A. Simmons. M. D. Iuka, Miss.: I received a package of your Liver Medicine and have used half of it. It works like a charm. I want no better Liver Regulator and certainly no more of Zellin's mixture.

J. R. Graves, Memphis, Tean., Nov. 17, 1876."

Catholics Emdoves It.

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Respected Sirs — "We have found your Liver Medicine very beneficial as an Aperient and Liver Medicine very beneficial as an Aperient and

On the trial of our case against Zeilin & Co. Their counsal said: "When Bimmons' ancestors were cracking hickory nute with their teeth in the forests of Germany, Zeilin's ancestors were Princes in the House of Israel." While we make no claim to Jewish origin, much less to being "Princes in the House of Israel." We prefer an ancestry of housest Americans to the highest seat in the synagogue of Enrighteous Jews.

Beware of any article called "Simmons Liver Medicine" which has one to the name of "J. H. Zeitim & Co., " or "A. W. Simmons' & Co.," or "T. F. Check & Co.," and especially beware of any article represented as "the same," or "just as good" against the property of the same, " or "just as good" against the property of the same, " or "just as good" against the principle of the same, " or "just as good " against the principle of the same, " or "just as good " against the principle of the same, " or "just as good " against the principle of the same, " or "just as good of against the principle of the same, " or "just as good " against the principle of the same, " or "just as good of against the principle of the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same, " or "just as good of against the same of t



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